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CYMON.

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

AND FIRST PERFORMED AS AN

OPERA,

IN FIVE ACTS,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY,

FROM THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE,

AT THE

KING'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET,

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1791.

WITH ADDITIONAL AIRS, CHORUSES, &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Order and Description of the Grand Procession of the
HUNDRED KNIGHTS of CHIVALRY, and
ANCIENT TOURNAMENT.

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DUKE OF CLARENCE,
AND
THE JUNIOR PRINCES.

1792.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MERLIN, - - - - Mr. BANNISTER.
CYMON, - - - - Mr. KELLY.
DORUS, - - - - Mr. PARSONS.
LINCO, - - - - Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
DAMON, - - - - Mr. DIGNUM.
DORILAS, - - - - Mr. COOK.
CUPID, - - - - Master GREGGSON.

Demons of Revenge, Mr. SEDGWICK, &c. &c.

URGANDA, - - - - Mrs. CROUCH.
SYLVIA, - - - - Miss HAGLEY.
FATIMA, - - - - Mrs. GOODALL.
PHEBE, - - - - Miss DE CAMP.
DAPHNE, - - - - Mrs. BLAND.
DORCAS, - - - - Mr. SUETT.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
January 1, 1880.
REPORT
OF THE
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IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
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CYMON.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE, URGANDA'S Palace.

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

Urganda.

YET hear me, Merlin! I beseech you, hear me.

Mer. Hear you! I have heard you—for years have heard your vows, your protestations—Have you not allur'd my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy—what have you done!—Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy, an idiot.

Urg. Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injur'd me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury.

Mer. Then send back your fav'rite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor ignorant object as Cymon is, can have any charms for me?

B

Mer.

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the success of rakes and fools is proof sufficient.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induced me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have you not stolen the Prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while an hundred Knights are in search after him? Does not every thing about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? You were placed on this happy spot, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence. But now, at last, by your example, the once happy lives of the Arcadians are embittered with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy; and whom are they to curse for this change? Urganda, the lost Urganda.

AIR.

*If pure are the springs of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow;
If noxious the stream from the mountain,
It poisons the valley below:
So of vice, or of virtue possess,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or blest.*

Urg. I beseech you, Merlin, spare my shame.

Mer. Yes, I'll converse with you no more—because I will be no more deceiv'd: I cannot hate you, tho' I shun you.

Yes,

Yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least equal'd by the torments of your fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again,
Love is dethron'd, Revenge shall reign!
Still shall my pow'r your arts confound,
And CYMON's cure shall be URGANDA's wound.

[Exit.]

Urg. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"
What mystery is couch'd in these words?—What can he mean?

Enter FATIMA.

Fat. I'll tell you, Madam, when he is out of hearing—
He means mischief, and terrible mischief too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out—I wish we were out of his clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it, he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

Urg. Here is your protection, (*showing her wand.*) My power is at least equal to his—"And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoke in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake. Think a little, to clear us from this old mischief-making Conjuror—What will you do, Madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you cou'd as easily settle 'em with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow.
(*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so—we are all

alike, and that folly of ours, of preferring two-and-twenty to two-and forty, runs thro' the whole sex of us—but before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, Madam.

Urg. I am in love, Fatima. (*Sighing.*)

Fat. And poor reason may stay at home——me exactly!—Ay, ay, we are all alike, but with this difference, Madam—your passion is surely a strange one—you have stolen away this young man, who, bating his youth and figure, has not one single circumstance to create affection about him. He is half an idiot, Madam, which is no great compliment to your wisdom, your beauty, or your power.

Urg. I despise them all, for they can neither relieve my passion, or create one where I would have them.

Fat. Cymon is incapable of being touch'd with any thing; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies: he'll make a sad lover, indeed, Madam.

Urg. I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

Fat. Where, pray?

Urg. In his eyes.

Fat. Eyes? Love has none, Madam---the heart only sees on these occasions---Cymon was born a fool, and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

Urg. Don't make me despair, Fatima.

Fat. Don't lose your time then; 'tis the business of beauty to make fools, and not cure 'em---even I, poor I, could have made twenty fools of wise men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool sensible. O! 'tis a sad way of spending one's time.

Urg. Hold your tongue, Fatima, my passion is too serious to be jested with.

Fat.

Fat. Far gone indeed, Madam!---and yonder goes the precious object of it.

Urg. He seems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us---I'll leave you to make the most of him.

Urg. Stay, Fatima---and help me to divert him.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant!---but I'm at your service.

AIR.---URGANDA.

Hither, all my Spirits, bend,

With your magic powers attend,

Chase the mists that cloud his mind;

Music, melt the frozen boy,

Raise his soul to love and joy;

Dulness makes the heart unkind.

Enter CYMON, melancholy.

Cym. What do you sing for?---Heigho! (*sighing.*)

Fat. What's the matter, young Gentleman?

Cym. Heigho!

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon?

Cym. Yes---I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh then?

Cym. Eh! (*looks foolishly.*)

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes, now, Madam?

Urg. Prithee, be quiet---What is it you want? Tell me, Cymon---tell me your wishes, and you shall have 'em?

Cym. Shall I?

Urg. Yes indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now, for it.

Cym.

Cym. I wish---heigho!

Urg. These sighs must mean something.

[*Aside to Fatima;*

Fat. I wish you joy then; find it out, Madam.

Urg. What do you sigh for?

Cym. I want---(*sighs.*)

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature?

Cym. To go away.

Fat. O la!---the meaning's out.

Urg. Where would you go?

Cym. Any where.

Urg. Had you rather go any where, than stay with me?

Cym. I had rather go anywhere, than stay with any-body.

Urg. But you can't love me, if you would leave me,

Cymon.

Cym. Love you! what's that?

Urg. Do you feel nothing here, about your heart, *Cymon*?

Cym. Yes, I do.

Urg. What is it?

Cym. Your hand.

Fat. What exquisite feelings he has! (*Cymon sighs.*)

Urg. You sigh, *Cymon*---am I the cause of it?

Cym. Yes, indeed you are.

Urg. Then I am blest!

Fat. To be sure.

Urg. But how do I cause it?

Cym. You won't let me go away.

Fat. I thought so! [*Aside.*

Urg. Will you love me if I let you go?

Cym. Any thing, if you'll let me go. Pray let me go.

Fat. I'm out of all patience---What the deuce would
you

you have, young Gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of mortals.

Cym. I had rather go, for all that.

Fat. The picture of the whole sex! Oh! Madam--- fondness will never do, a little coquetry is the thing; I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish.

[Aside to Urganda.]

Urg. I will shew him my power, and captivate his heart thro' his senses.

Fat. You'll throw away your powder and shot.

(Urganda waves her wand, and the stage changes to a magnificent garden. Cupid and the Loves descend.)

AIR.---CUPID.

O! why will you call me again?

'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;

The pow'rs of a god

Cannot quicken this clod,

Alas!--it is labour in vain.

Urg. Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his insensibility ---and yet, what a beautiful simplicity!

Fat. Turn him out among the sheep, Madam, and think no more of him---'Tis all labour in vain, as the song says, I assure you.

Urg. Cymon, Cymon, what, are you dead to these entertainments?

Cym. Dead! I hope not. *(Starts.)*

Urg. How can you be so unmov'd?

Cym. They tir'd me so, that I wish'd 'em a good night, and went to sleep---But where are they?

Urg. They are gone, Cymon.

Cym. Then let me go too. *(Going.)*

Fat.

Fat. The old story!

Urg. Whither would you go?—Tell me, and I'll go with you, my sweet youth.

Cym. No, I'll go by myself.

Urg. And so you shall; but where?

Cym. Into the fields.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields? my palace than cottages? and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cym. Why how can I tell till I try? you won't let me chuse.

AIR.

*You gave me last week a young linnnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage!
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.*

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

Urg. And would you return to me again?

Cym. Yes I would---I have no where else to go.

Fat. Let him have his humour---when he is not confin'd, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please.---'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice.---[*Exit Fatima.*]--Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cym.

Cym. And shall I let my linnet out too?

Urg. And take this, Cymon, and wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. (*Gives Cymon a nosegay.*) Tho' it won't give passion, it will increase it, if he should think kindly of me, and absence may befriend me. (*Aside.*) Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

Cym. Then I'm out of my cage, and shall mope no longer. [*Exit.*]

Urg. His transports distract me!--Yet waiting Loves and guardian Spirits shall attend him.

[*Waves her wand, and exit.*]

Spirits and Loves enter, and dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

 ACT II.

SCENE, a Rural Prospect.

Enter PHEBE and DAPHNE.

Phebe.

WHAT, to be left and forsaken ! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face ! I can't bear it, and I won't ! O, that I had the power of our Enchantress yonder ! I would play the devil with them all.

Daph. And yet folks say, she has no power in love-matters ; you know, notwithstanding her charms, and her spirits, she is in love with a fool, and has not wit enough to make him return it.

Pheb. No matter for that ; if I could not make folks love me, I would make them miserable, and that's the next pleasure to it.

Daph. And yet, to do justice to Sylvia, who makes all this disturbance among you, she does not in the least encourage the shepherds, and she can't help their falling in love with her.

Pheb. May be so, nor can I help hating and detesting her, because they do fall in love with her.

Daph. Well, but really now sister, 'tis a little hard, that a girl, who has beauty to get lovers, or merit enough to keep 'em, should be hated for her good qualities. (*Assentedly.*)

Pheb. Marry come up, my insulting sister ; because you think

think your shepherd constant, you have no feeling for the false-heartedness of mine.—But don't be too vain with your success; your Dorilas is made of the same stuff with my Damon.

Daph. Why are you so angry, my dear sister?—I am not Sylvia, and to oblige you, I will abuse her wherever I go, and whenever you please. I'm sure nobody knows who she is, or whence she came.

Phebe. She was left here with old Dorcas; but how, or by whom, or for what, except to make mischief among us, I know not—There is some mystery about her, and I'll find it out.

LINCO sings without.

Daph. Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow.—If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, we may get some information from him.

Enter LINCO, singing.

Lin. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying Love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.

*Care flies from the lad that is merry,
Whose heart is as sound,
And cheeks are as round,
As round, and as red as a cherry.*

Phebe. What, are you always thus?

Lin. Ay, or Heaven help me! What, would you have me do as you do—walking with your arms across, thus—

heighoing by the brook side among the willows. Oh! fye for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and fighting after one fellow a piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like---like---you shall have the simile another time.

Daph. No; prithee, Linco, give it us now.

Lin. You shall have it--or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are *not* like---You are not like our shepherdess, Sylvia--she's so cold, and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you---frost and fire, that's all.

Daph. Don't imagine, that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is--I am as happy as she is miserable.

Lin. Good lack, I am sorry for't.

Daph. What, sorry that I am happy?

Lin. O! no, prodigious glad.

Phebe. That I am miserable?

Lin. No, no, prodigious sorry that---and prodigious glad of the other.

Phebe. Prithee, be serious a little.

Lin. No; Heaven forbid! if I am serious, 'tis all over with me; I must laugh at something; shall I be merry without you?

Daph. The happy shepherdess can bear to be laugh'd at.

Lin. Then Sylvia might take your shepherd without a sigh.

Daph. My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

Phebe. Her shepherd! pray tell us, Linco? [*Eagerly.*]

Lin. 'Tis no secret, I suppose---I only met her Damon and Sylvia together just now walking to---

Daph. What, my Damon?

Lin.

Lin. Your Damon that *was*, and that would be Sylvia's Damon, if she would put up with him.

Daph. Her Damon! I'll make her to know---a wicked slut!---a vile fellow!---Come, sister, I'm ready to go with you---we'll be revenged---if our old Governor continues to cast a sheep's eye at me, I'll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you---a base, mischievous---

Phebe. This is some comfort, however; there is some satisfaction in seeing one's sister as miserable as one's self.

Lin. Ha, ha, ha! O how the pretty sweet-temper'd creatures are ruffled. [*Aside.*]

TRIO.

Linco, Phebe, and Daphne,

Phebe.

*Come, dearest sister, why all this passion,
Men are all fickle and untrue,
Prythee remember whatever's the fashion,
Is no disgrace to me or you;
Truly I wish not your pride to awaken,
But trust me, sister, I tell you true;
Heigh-ho! when I am forsaken,
You well may be left to a heigh-ho too,
Heigh-ho! oh what will you do!*

Daphne:

*Cease, silly maiden, cease your jeering;
Sister, your aim I plainly see,
Tho' men are fickle, yet spite of your sneering,
Some difference, thank ye, 'tween you and me.
Madam, I vow, since you force me to speak it,
'Twere strange had you found Damon true,
But heigh-ho! my heart! rage will break it,*

To

*To think I am treated no better than you,
Heigh-ho! Ob! what shall I do!*

Linco.

*Nay, pretty Shepherdess, cease this contention,
Both forsaken, you well may agree;
Gone both your lovers, begone dissention,
To chuse again you both are free.
Or better still resolve, this love so beguiling,
To laugh at and scorn his arts, like me---
Heigh-ho!---Oh change it to smiling,
And anger and sighs, for good-humour and glee.
Heigh-ho! for tol lol de rol de ree.*

Phebe and Daphne.

*Let's listen, pray, to Linco, cease this contention,
Both forsaken, we well may agree,
Gone both our lovers, begone dissention,
To chuse again we both are free.*

All three.

*Or better still resolve, this love so beguiling,
To laugh at and scorn his arts like { me,
Heigh-ho! { Oh } change it for smiling,
And anger and sighs, for good-humour and glee;
Heigh-ho! for tol lol de rol de ree. [Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Rural Prospect.

SYLVIA discovered sleeping---MERLIN by her.

Mer. My art succeeds-- which hither has convey'd,
To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.
Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,
And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;

Her

Her yet cold heart with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.

This magic touch shall to these flow'rs impart

(Touches a basket of flowers with his wand.)

A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart. *[Exit.]*

Enter CYMON with his Bird.

Cym. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry. *(Bird flies)* Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you---much good may it do you, Bob.---What a sweet place this is! Hills, and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds!---Dear me, 'tis just as if I had never seen it before?

[Whistles about till he sees Sylvia, then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of foolish astonishment.]—

O la!---what's here!---'Tis something dropp'd from the heavens sure, and yet 'tis like a woman too!---Bless me! is it alive? *(Sighs.)* It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it ---I don't know what's the matter with me.---I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes.---If it should look gentle and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it.---Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of---It feels oddly to me, and yet I don't dislike it.

AIR.

All amaze;

Wonder, praise;

Here for ever could I gaze!

A little nearer to it.

What is't I do?

Eye, for shame, I am possess'd,

Something creeping in my breast,

Will

Will not let me stay or go—

Shall I wake it?—No! no! no!

Cym. I am glad I came abroad!—I have not been so pleased ever since I can remember: but, perhaps, it may be angry with me; I can't help it, if it is. I had rather see her angry with me, than Urganda smile upon me—Stay, stay -- (*Sylvia flirts.*) La, what a pretty foot it has!

[*Cymon retires.*]

[*Sylvia raising herself from the bank.*]

AIR.

Yet awhile sweet sleep deceive me,

Fold me in thy downy arms,

Let not care awake to grieve me,

Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,

Quitting you ng the parent's nest,

Find each bird a bird of prey;

Sorrow knows not where to rest.

[*Sylvia sees Cymon with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires, gently pulling off his cap.*]

Syl. (confused) Who's that?

Cym. 'Tis I.

[*Bowing and hesitating.*]

Syl. What's your name?

Cym. Cymon.

Syl. What do you want, young man?

Cym. Nothing, young woman.

Syl. What are you doing there?

Cym. Looking at you there. What eyes it has! [*Aside.*]

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cym. Not I indeed!—I wish you don't do me some.

Art thou a fairy, pray?

Syl. No---I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cym.

Cym. I don't know that—You have bewitch'd me I believe. I wish you would speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the Enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cym. I had rather belong to you---I would not desire to go abroad if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cym. So she says.

Syl. I'm sorry for it.

Cym. Why are you sorry, pray?

Syl. I shall never see you again---I wish I had not seen you now!

Cym. If you did but wish as I do, all the Enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

Syl. We shall be seen, and separated for ever!—I must go!—

Cym. When shall I see you again?---in half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon—No, no, it must be—three quarters of an hour.

Cym. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Any where, dear Cymon.

Cym. In the grove by the river there?

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it, (*Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cym. And there is one for you too, which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it—take it, my sweet Sylvia.

[*Cymon gives her Urganda's nosegay.*]

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DUET.

DUET.

Syl. *O take this nosegay, gentle youth;*

Cym. *And you, sweet maid, take mine;*

Syl. *Unlike these flowers be thy fair truth;*

Cym. *Unlike these flowers be thine.*

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair for a time these transient charms appear;

But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

[Each pressing their hearts,

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE, before URGANDA's Palace.

Enter URGANDA.

Urganda.

WITH what anxiety I watch his return? and how mean
is that anxiety for an object so insensible! O Love! is it
not enough to make thy votaries despicable in other's
eyes? Must we also despise ourselves?

SONG.

*To relieve my fond complaining,
Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,
While my heart its pow'r disdaining,
Owns no spell but sighs of love.*

*Love, with gay bewitching smiling,
Ever chid, yet ever dear,
Pleasing most while most beguiling,
Paining most while most sincere.*

*To relieve my fond complaining,
Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,
While my heart its pow'r disdaining,
Owns no spell but sighs of love.*

D 2

Enter

Enter FATIMA.

Well Fatima, is he returned ?

Fat. He has no feelings but those of hunger ; when that pinches him, he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

Urg. Indeed, Fatima, his insensibility and ingratitude astonish and distract me.---Yet am I only a greater slave to my weakness, and more incapable of relief.

Fat. Why, then, I may as well hold my tongue---but before I would waste all the prime of my womanhood in playing such a losing game, I would---but I see you don't mind me, Madam, and therefore I'll say no more---I know the consequence, and must submit.

Urg. What can I do in my situation?---But see where Cymon approaches---he seems transported---Look, look, Fatima ! He is kissing and embracing my nosegay ---it has had the desired effect, and I am happy---We'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports.

(Urganda waves her wand, and retires with Fatima.)

Enter CYMON, hugging a nosegay.

Cym. Oh, my dear, sweet, charming nosegay !----To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, *(kisses it)* will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. *(Kisses it.)*

Fat. What does he say ?

Urg. Hush, hush !---all transport, and about me ! What a change is this !

Cym. With this I can want for nothing.---I possess every thing with this.---Oh, the dear, dear nosegay, and the dear, dear giver of it !

Urg.

Urg. The dear, dear giver!—Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind!

Fat. I'm all amazement!—in a dream!—but is that your nosegay!

Urg. Mine! how can you doubt it?

Fat. Nay, I'm near-sighted.

Cym. She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by these flowers.—Oh! I shall lose my wits with pleasure!

Fat. 'Tis pity to lose 'em the moment you have found 'em.—

Urg. O, Fatima! I never was proud of my power, or vain of my beauty, till this transporting moment!

Cym. Where shall I put it! Where shall I conceal it from every body?—I'll keep it in my bosom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it on my pillow, and talk to it—and sigh to it—and swear to it—and sleep by it—and kiss it for ever and ever!

Urganda and Fatima come forward.

(Cymon starts at seeing Urganda, and puts the nosegay in his bosom with great confusion.)

Urg. *(Smiling)* Pray, what is that you would kiss, and press to your bosom for ever and ever?

Cym. Nothing but—but—nothing—

Fat. What think you now? *[Aside to Urganda.*

Urg. Nothing but his bashfulness struggling with his passion. What was that you were talking to?

Cym. Myself, to be sure—I had nothing else to talk to.

Urg. Yes, but you have, Cymon—don't be ashamed of what you ought to be proud of; there is something in your bosom, next your heart.

Cym.

Cym. Yes, so there is.

Urg. What is it, Cymon? [Smiling.

Fat. Now his modesty is giving way; we shall have it at last. [Aside.

Cym. Nothing but a nosegay.

Urg. That which I gave you? Let me see it?

Cym. What! give a thing, and take it away again?

Urg. I would not take it away for the world.

Cym. Nor would I give it you for a hundred worlds.

Fat. See it by all means, Madam. I have my reasons. [Aside to Urganda.

Urg. I must see it, Cymon, and therefore no delay. I will see it, or shut it up for ever.

Cym. What a stir is here about nothing! Now are you satisfied?

(He holds the nosegay at a distance. URGANDA and FATIMA look at one another with surprise.)

Fat. I was right.

Urg. And I am miserable.

Cym. Have you seen it enough?

Urg. That is not mine, Cymon.

Cym. No, 'tis mine.

Urg. Who gave it you?

Cym. A person.

Urg. What person---male or female?

Cym. La! how can I tell?

Fat. Finely improved indeed!---a genius! [Aside.

Urg. I must dissemble. (Aside.) Cymon, I did but sport with you---the nosegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

Cym.

Cym. Indeed but I did not---I only gave it for this--- which, as it is so much finer and sweeter, I thought would not vex you,

Urg. Helgho ! [*Aside.*

Fat. Vex her ! O not in the least.---But you should not have given away her present to a vulgar creature.

Cym. How dare you talk to me so ? I would have you to know she is neither ugly nor vulgar. No, she is---

Fat. Oh she!---your humble servant, young Simplicity!---La, how can you tell whether it is male or female !

(*Mimics Cymon, who seems confounded.*)

Urg. Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon. I give you leave to follow your own inclinations.

Cym. Then I am happy, indeed ! [*Exit.*

Fat. You are a philosopher, indeed ! Ma'am.

Urg. A female one---Fatima : I have hid the most racking jealousy under this false appearance, in order to deceive him--- I shall by this means discover the object of his joy, and my misery ; and when that is known, you shall see whether or not I have the feelings of a woman.

Fat. I'll lay ten to one on the woman, in matters of this nature.

Urg. Let him have liberty to go wherever he pleases--- I will have him watch'd ; that office be your's, my faithful Fatima---about it instantly---don't lose sight of him-- No reply.--(*Exit Fat.*) When I have discover'd the object of his transports, I will make her more wretched than any of her sex---except myself. He returns.---Cymon, you know you are at liberty. [*Exit Urganda.*

Cymon. Thank you, thank you---I'm out of my wits with joy. [*Exit Cymon.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Dorcas's Cottage.

(SYLVIA at the door with CYMON's nosegay in her hand.)

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel
Cymon in my heart and mind——Ever since I have seen
him, I wander without knowing where—I speak without
knowing to whom—and I look without knowing at what.
—Now I dread to lose him—and now again I think him
mine for ever!

AIR.

*O why should we sorrow, who never knew sin?
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!
Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain!
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain.
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!*

(Linco is seen listening to her singing.)

Lin. Shepherdess, if you were as wicked as you are
innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt Justice her-
self, unless she was deaf, as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Lin. O, but I did tho'—and, notwithstanding I come
as the Deputy of a Deputy Governor, to bring you before
my Principal, for some complaints made against you by
a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, though I
lose my place for it——There are not many such friends,
shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they
persecute me so.

Lin.

Lin. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies.

[*As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage.*]

Dor. Where are you going, child?---Who is that with you, Sylvia?

Lin. Now shall we be stopp'd by this good old woman, who will know all---and can scarce hear any thing.

Dor. (*coming forward*) I'll see who you have with you.

Lin. 'Tis I, dame, your kinsman Linco. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. O, is it you, honest Linco? (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now?

Lin. The Governor desires to speak with Sylvia!---a friendly enquiry, that's all. (*Speaks loud.*)

Dor. For what, for what?---tell me that---I have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither---he is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses---Fine doings indeed! No such doings when I was young---If he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an answer, let him be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Lin. But I am your kinsman, dame, and you dare trust me, sure. (*Speaks loud.*)

Dor. Thou art the best of 'em, that I'll say for thee---but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case. I have gone through great difficulties myself, I do assure you, in better times than these:---Why must not I go too?

Lin. We shall return to you again---before you can get there. (*Still speaking loud.*)

Syl. You may trust us, mother;---my own innocence and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough for me.

E

Dor.

Dor. Eh? What?

Lin. She says, you may trust me with her innocence.

(Speaks louder.)

Dor. Well, well---I will then---thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child. *(Kisses Sylvia.)* When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woeful day for me. Well, well, go thy ways with Linco. I dare trust thee any where---I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you.

Lin. We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what?

Lin. We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil. *(Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.)*

Dor. Heaven shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blest old age. What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the Governor want with her? I wish I had gone too---I'd have talk'd to him, and to the purpose. We had no such doings when I was a young woman! they never made such a fuss with me!

AIR.

*When I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!*

When

*When I were fair---tho' now so fa,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith and love;
 What can a woman do?
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two!*

[Exit.]

SCENE the Magistrate's House.

Enter DORUS and DAPHNE.

Dor. This way, this way, damsel---Now we are alone, I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I will---you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

Daph. I want words, your Honour and your Worship, to thank you fitly.

Dorus. Smile upon me, damsel---Smile, and command me---your hand is whiter than ever, I protest---you must indulge me with a chaste salute.

[Kisses her hand.]

Daph. La! your Honour. (*Curtseys.*)

Dor. You have charmed me, damsel; and I can deny you nothing---another chaste salute---'tis a perfect cordial---(*kisses her hand.*) Well, what shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again---an impudent, wicked---(*kisses her hand.*) I'll send her pack-

ing this very day. This hand, this lily hand, has sign'd
her fate. [Kisses it.

Enter LINCO.

Lin. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your Honour.

Dorus. You are too bold, Linco; do your duty and know your distance. Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

Lin. In the justice chamber, waiting for your Honour's commands.

Dorus. Why did not you tell me so?

Lin. I thought your Honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

Dorus. You thought! I won't have you think, but obey. Deputies must not think for their Superiors.

Lin. Must not they! What will become of our poor country! (Going.

Dorus. No more impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Lin. In the twinkling of your Honour's eye. (Exit.

Daph. I leave my griefs in your Worship's hands.

Dorus. You leave e'm in my heart, damsel, where they soon shall be changed into pleasures---wait for me in the justice chamber---Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Enter LINCO and SYLVIA.

Daph. Here she comes; see how like an innocent she looks---But I'll be gone---I trust in your Worship---I hate the sight of her---I could tear her eyes out. (Exit.

Dorus.

Dorus. (*Gazing at Sylvia*) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman---hem, hem! --that---she does not look so mischievous as I expected. (*Aside, and turning from her.*

Lin. Bear up, sweet shepherdes! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance.

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak.

Dorus. Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Lin. The good old woman is so deaf, and your Reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dorus. What, at your thinking again.---Young shepherdes, I hear---I hear---Hem!--Her modesty pleases me. (*Aside*)---What is the reason, I say---Hem!--that---that I hear---She has very fine features. I protest she disarms my anger.

(*Aside, and turning from her.*

Lin. Now is your time: speak to his Reverence.

Dorus. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I a prisoner then?

Dorus. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel-- Hem, hem---charged, damsel---I don't know what to say to her. (*Aside, and turns from her.*

Syl. With what, your Honour?

Lin. If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure.

Syl. What is my crime?

Lin. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dorus. Hold your peace---Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it---she has turn'd my anger,
my

my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy---Reach me a chair, Linco.

Lin. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his Reverence gives entrance. *(Reaches a chair for Dorus.)*

Sylvia sings.

AIR.

*From duty if the shepherd stray,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.*

Dorus. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin---and they shall not hurt thee---This is a melting ditty indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia. *[Embraces her.]*

Enter DAPHNE.

[Dorus and she start at seeing each other.]

Daph. Is your Reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dorus. How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of justice?

Daph. May I be permitted to speak three words with your Worship!--

Dorus. Well, well, I will speak to you---I'll come to you in the justice-chamber presently.

Daph. I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all--- *[Aside and Ex.]*

Dor. I'm glad she's gone---Linco, you must send her away---I wont see her now.

Lin. And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

Dor. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid!---What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous-

lous-pated shepherdes? Linco, comfort the damsel--Dry your eyes, Sylvia--I will call upon you myself, and examine Dorcas myself, and protect you myself, and do every thing myself. I profess she has bewitched me, I am all agitation----I'll call upon you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, perhaps in half an hour. Take care of her, Linco ---she has bewitched me, and I shall lose my wits if I look on her any longer. Oh! the sweet, lovely, pretty, delightful creature! [Exit Dorus.

Lin. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia; Justice has taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out---the day's our own; and here comes Dorcas. I thought she'd follow in time. Well, she comes to celebrate our victory; but how the devil shall I make her hear the story.

TRIO.

Dorcas, Linco, and Sylvia.

Dorcas.

Full of doubt, and full of fear,

Linco, I have bobbled here,

Good lack, well-a-day;

Honest Linco, tell me, pray,

Tell what does his Worship say?

Linco.

Cease your doubt, and cease your fear;

His Worship---Goody, do you hear?

Sylvia.

Dearest mother, do not fear;

Linco, you can make her hear.

Dorcas.

Hey?

Linco.

Linco.

*Cease your doubt, and cease your fear ;
His Worship---Goody, do you hear ?*

Sylvia.

I cannot-----

Dorcas.

Hey ?

*I have been half dead with fright ;
I thought you'd not come back to-night.*

Linco.

Prishee, Goody, lend an ear.

Dorcas.

Hey ?

Linco.

Zounds, I cannot make you hear !

Dorcas.

Hey ?

Sylvia.

*Dearest mother, lend an ear ;
Linco, you can make her hear.*

Dorcas.

Hey ?

Linco.

*No, I give it up---'tis clear,
Thunder would not make her hear.*

Dorcas.

Hey ?

Sylvia.

*He gives it up---'tis clear,
Thunder would not make her hear.*

Dorcas.

*I have been half dead with fear,
Scarcely hop'd to find you here.*

[Exeunt.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *part of URGANDA'S Palace.*

Enter URGANDA, greatly agitated.

RECITATIVE—*Accompanied.*

URGANDA.

*Lost, lost Urganda!---nothing can controul
The beating tempest of my restless soul!
While I prepare, in this dark witching hour,
My potent spells, and call forth all my power---
Arise, ye Demons of Revenge---arise!
Begin your rites---unseen by mortal eyes;
Hurl plagues and mischiefs thro' the poison'd air,
And give me vengeance, to appease despair.*

CHORUS (under ground)

We come, we come, we come.

The first Demon of Revenge arises,

AIR.

*While mortals charm their cares by sleep,
And demons howl below,
Urganda calls us from the deep,
Arise, ye sons of woe!
Ever busy, ever willing,
All these horrid tasks fulfilling,*

F

Which

*Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,
And make their torments like our own.*

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

*See, from the deep we haste thy dread command,
Behold, we come, a dreadful band!
The mountain quakes,
The earth's deep center shakes,
With wonder mountains bow their heads,
And earth and rocks affrighted rend,
With lightning and with thunder arm'd,
Thy awful mandate we attend;
The awful thunder of her power roll,
And shake the massy globe from pole to pole.*

[*Exeunt Urganda and Demons.*]

SCENE, the Country.

Enter DAMON and DORILAS.

Dam. Prithee, brother, hold up thy head---for my part
the more miserable I am, the less I am resolved I'll shew
it! and so I have been telling our forsaken shepherdesses,
and here they come to laugh at us.

Enter PHEBE and DAPHNE.

TRIO.

Phoebe, Daphne, and Damon.

*Come, swain, why sit'st thou so?
Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
Folded arms are signs of woe,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal.*

If

If thy nymph no favour shew,

Fal, lah,

Chuse another, let her go,

Fal, lah,

But if she be kind to you,

Fal, lah,

To the rest still bid adieu!

Fal, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah.

Phebe. Come, sister---leave them to comfort one another---they'll both soon repent, I warrant.

[*Exeunt Phebe and Daphne.*]

Damon. Come, Dorilas---sad or merry, we must execute Urganda's commands. [Going.]

Enter LINCO.

Lin. Damon, Dorilas, stay, let me talk to you a little---by the lark you are early stirrers---has not that gad-fly jealousy stung you up to this same mischief you are upon?

Damon. We are commanded by our Governor, who has orders from Urganda to bring Cymon and Sylvia before her.

Lin. And you are fond of this employment---are you?
---Fye, for shame---I know more than you think I know.
---You were each of you good souls! betroth'd to two shepherdesses---but Sylvia comes in the nick, and away go vows, promises, and protestations---she, loving Cymon, and despising you---and you---you (hating one another) join cordially to distress them for loving one another---Fye, for shame, shepherds!

Dorilas. What will the Governor say to this? This is fine treatment of your betters.

Lin. If my betters are no better than they should be,

'tis their fault, and not mine---Urganda, Dorus, and you too, not being able to reach the grapes, won't let any body else taste them---oh fye for shame, shepherds!

Dam. Here comes the Governor; now we shall hear what you will say to him.

Lin. Just what I have said to you; an honest laughing fellow, like myself, don't mind a Governor.

Enter DORUS and Arcadians.

Dorus Where have you been, Linco? I sent for you an hour ago.

Lin. I was in bed, your Honour; and as I don't walk in my sleep, I could not be well with you before. I was dress'd.

Dor. No joking, no joking,---we are ordered by the Enchantress to search for Cymon and Sylvia, and bring them before her.

Lin. I hate to spoil sport, so I'll go home again. [Going.]

Dor. Stay, Linco (*he returns*). I command you to do your duty, and go with me in pursuit of these young criminals. Dare you disobey what I order, and Urganda commands? Give me an answer?

Lin. Conscience! conscience! Governor, an old fashion'd excuse, but a true one---I cannot find in my heart to disturb two sweet young creatures, whom, as heaven has put together, I will not attempt to divide; 'twould be a crying sin! I'll go home again. [Going.]

Dorus. I dismiss you from this moment--you shall be no Deputy of mine---you shall suffer for your arrogance; I shall tell the Enchantress that you are leagued with this Sylvia, and will not do your duty.

Lin. A word with your Honour; could you have been leagued

leagued with this Sylvia too, you would not have done your duty, Mr. Governor.

Dorus. Hem! Come along, shepherds, and don't mind his impudence. *[Exeunt Dorus and Shepherds.]*

Lin. I wish your Reverence a good morning, and I thank you for all favours.—Any fool now that was less merry than myself, would be out of spirits; but thank Heaven, my merry heart has never yet fallen a prey either to the power of ambition or love.

AIR---LINCO.

I laugh and I sing,

I am blythsome and free,

The rogue's little sting,

It can never reach me;

For with fal, la, la, la,

And ha, ha, ha, ha,

It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,

Or so blinking is he,

He can't pierce my buff,

Or he misses poor me;

For with fal, la, la, la,

And ha, ha, ha, ha,

He misses poor me.

O never be dull,

By the sad willow tree,

Of mirth be brim full,

And run over, like me;

For with fal, la, la, la,

And ha, ha, ha, ha,

Run over like me.

[Exit.]

SCENE,

SCENE, another Part of the Country.

Enter FATIMA.

Truly a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon
 --I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about, to find
 out his haunts---not so foolish neither, for he is so much
 improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have
 some female to sharpen his intellects---For love, among
 many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and
 wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me,
 and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear
 of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things
 in pairing time. *[Looks thro' the bushes.]*

Enter MERLIN.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor
 of a faithless mistress---I must torment her a little for her
 good---

Fatima, peeping thro' the bushes.

There they are---our fool has made no bad choice---
 Upon my word, a very pretty couple! and will make my
 poor lady's heart ach.

Mer. I shall twinge yours a little, before we part.

Fat. Well said, Cymon! upon your knees to her!---
 Now for my pocket book, that I may exactly describe this
 rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long, she
 will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up
 in the Black; Tower---The greatest mercy she can have will
 be to let her take her choice. *[Takes out a pocket-book.]*

Mer. May be so-- but we will prevent the prophecy, if
 we can.

Fat.

Fatima, *writing in her book.*

She is of a good height, about my size—a fine shape, delicate features—charming hair—heav'nly eyes, not unlike my own—with such a sweet smile! She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must be burnt alive.

[Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.

Fat. Who's there? Bless me!—nobody—I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture. [Writes on.

[Merlin waves his wand over her head.

Now let me see what I have written.---Bless me, what's here! all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! Sure I am bewitched. (*Reads and trembles.*) Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon, Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia;---as for Fatima, wild beasts, the Black Tower, and burning alive are too good for her. (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to stir a step---I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin. [Merlin is visible.

Mer. True, Fatima; and I am here at your call.

Fat. O most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor, foolish, weak woman.

Mer. Why then will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima--- [Holds up his wand.

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your Worship, and you shall do any thing with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babler.

Fat. I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever---O my poor tongue! I thought I never should have wagg'd thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb?

Mer.

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector against all her arts, tho' she has leagu'd herself with the Demons of Revenge---We have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose any thing than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind) I will shew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (smiling) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima---No, I mean that you shall talk less.---When you return to Urganda she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I, without offence to your Worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well---observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*.---I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly, indeed. *[Aside.]*

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb for ever.

Fat. Heaven preserve me! what will become of me?

Mer. Remember what I say--as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished or rewarded. *[Exit.]*

Fat. What a polite devil it is---and what a woeful plight am I in! This confining my tongue to two words, is much worse than being quite dumb. I had rather be stinted in any thing than my speech---Heigho---There never sure was a tax upon the tongue before. *[Exit.]*

[Enter

Enter CYMON.

Shall I rejoice or grieve at the change my heart feels?
Thou hast given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and
till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's.---Are the new
pains or the strange delights that agitate me the greater?---
O Love! it is thy work.

SONG.

While fond thoughts I'm thus caressing,

Fanning thus the flame of Love,

Prudence whispers, is the blessing

Equal to the cares I prove?

Ever anxious fears attending,

To disturb my faithful breast,

Jealous pangs my bosom rending,

Love must bid adieu to rest.

But hence ungrateful doubts! away!

Oh, Love, I own thy gentle sway!

Joy, life, and reason, from thee flow,

To thee and Sylvia all I owe.

Enter SYLVIA.

Cym. She is here---but pensive!---O my Sylvia! why
this drooping mien? Has not Merlin discover'd all that
was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his pro-
tection? What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is com-
pletely blest?

Syl. Thy wishes are fulfilled then. Take my hand,
and with it a heart, which, till you had touch'd, never
knew, nor could even imagine, what was Love.

Cym. Transporting maid!

[*Kisses her hand.*

G

SYLVIA.

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
 In vain against Merit and Cymon I strove;
 What's life without passion--sweet passion of love?*

*The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow,
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove;
 What's life without passion--sweet passion of love?*

*The Spring shou'd be warm, the young season be gay,
 Her birds and her flowrets make blythsome sweet May,
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove--
 What's life without passion--sweet passion of love?*

Cym. Thus then I seize my treasure, will protect it with
 my life, and will never resign it, but to Heaven who gave
 it me. *[Embraces her.]*

*Enter Damon and Dorilas on one side, and Dorus and his
 followers on the other: who start at seeing Cymon and
 Sylvia.*

Dam. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! bless me! *(Starting.)*

Dorus. Fine doings indeed.

[Cymon and Sylvia stand amaz'd and asham'd.]

Dor. Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia!

Dam. You are much improv'd by your new tutor.

Dorus. But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall

learn

learn better.---I am confounded at their assurance ! Why don't you speak, culprits !

Cym. We may be assur'd without guilt, assur'd for those who have watch'd and surpriz'd us.

Dorus. Did you ever hear or see such an impudent varlet.

Dam. Shall we seize them, your Worship, and drag 'em to Urganda ?

Dorus. Let me first speak with that shepherdes.

[As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.]

Cym. That shepherdes is not to be spoke with.

Dorus. Here's impudence in perfection !---Do you know who I am, stripling ?

Cym. I know you to be one stationed by the laws to cherish innocence ; but having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither observe the one nor protect the other.

Dorus. I am astonish'd ! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of ?

Cym. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dorus. Seize them both this instant !

Cym. That is sooner said than done, Governor.

[As they approach on both sides to seize them, he snatches a staff from one of the shepherds and beats them back.]

Dor. Fall on him, but don't kill him, for I must make an example of him.

Cym. In this cause I am myself an army ; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

AIR.

*Come on, come on,
 A thousand to one,
 I dare you to come on.
 Tho' unpractis'd and young,
 Love has made me stout and strong;
 Has given me a charm,
 Will not suffer me to fall;
 Has steel'd my heart, and ner'd my arm,
 To guard my precious all.*

[Looking at Sylvia.]

Come on, come on, &c. [Exit.]

[While Cymon drives off the party of Shepherds on one side,
 enter Doras and his party, who surround Sylvia.]

Dor. Away with her, away with her---

Syl. Protect me, Merlin!--Cymon! Cymon! where
 art thou, Cymon?Dor. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to mind
 his mistress; away with her to Urganda, away with her.

[They hurry her off.]

*Enter Shepherds, running across disorder'd and beaten by
 CYMON.*

Damon, (looking back). 'Tis the devil of a fellow! how
 he has laid about him! [Exit.]

Dor. There is no way but this to avoid him. [Exit.]

Enter CYMON, in confusion and out of breath.

I have conquered, my Sylvia!--Where art thou!--my
 life, my love, my valour, my all!--What, gone!--torn
 from me!--then I am conquer'd, indeed!

[He

[He runs off, and returns several times during the symphony of the following song.]

AIR---CYMON.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they
take her?

To death they shall bear me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her!

The' fast bound in a spell,

By Urganda and hell,

I'll burst thro' their charms,

Seize my fair in my arms,

Then my valour shall prove,

No magic like Virtue, like Virtue and Love. [Exit.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

Urganda.

YES!—No!—forbear this mockery—What can it mean?
—I will not bear this trifling with my passion—Why don't
you speak? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) Won't you speak?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but No?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima!—Have you
seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima!—well—now go on.

Fat. No.

Urg. This is not to be born—Was Cymon with her?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes. (*sighing.*)

Urg. Where did you see my rival? (*Fatima shakes her
head.*)

Urg. Are you afraid of any body.

Fat. Yes.

Urg.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No.

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me that.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, Yes.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I, or you?

Fat. Yes---No---(*hesitating.*)

Urg. I shall go distracted!---Leave me.

Fat. Yes.

[*Curtseys and Exit.*]

Urg. She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus---Merlin's power has prevailed---he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed. This is the completion of my misery!

Enter DORUS.

Dorus. May I presume to intrude upon my Sovereign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

Dorus. Am gone---and Sylvia shall go too. (*Going.*)

Urg. Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak---and give me life or death?

Dorus. She is without, and attends your mighty will.

Urg. Then I am queen again!---Forgive me, Dorus, I knew not what I said---but now I am rais'd again!---

Dorus. Yes; and I am safe too, which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

Urg. And Cymon---has he escap'd?

Dorus. Yes, he has escap'd from us; and, what is better, we have escap'd from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dorus.

Dorus. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

Urg. Well, no matter---I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury!---Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.

Dorus. For death!---Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far---she makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but her's can appease me. (*Dorus going.*) Stay, Dorus---I have a richer revenge---she shall be shut up in the Black Tower 'till her beauties are destroy'd, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cymon---Let her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes, and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia---No reply, but obey.

Dorus. It is done---This is going too far. [*Aside.*

[*Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.*

Enter SYLVIA, DORUS and GUARDS.

Urg. Are you the wretched maid, who has dar'd to be the rival of Urganda?

Syl. I am the happy maid, who possess the affections of Cymon.

Urg. Thou vain rash creature!---I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy.

[*Waves her wand, and the scene changes to the Black Rocks.*]

Syl. I am still unmov'd. (*Smiling*)

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be closed in a tower, where thou shalt never see Cymon, or any human being more.

Syl. While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about

shoot me, to scorn your power, or, what is more, your
cruelty.

[*Urganda waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.*]

Urg. Open the gates, and inclose her insolence for
ever.

[*Dorus opens the gate and incloses Sylvia.*]

Dorus. This is going too far. [Exit *Dorus*]

Urg. Now let Merlin release you if he can.

[*It thunders; the tower and rocks change to a mag-
nificent amphitheatre, and Merlin appears in the
place where the tower sunk, and Urganda is struck
with terror.*]

Mer. Still shall my power your arts confound;
And *Cymon's* cure shall be *Urganda's* wound.

[*Urganda waves her wand.*]

wretched *Urganda*---your power is gone---

Urg. Horror and shame---in vain I wave this wand---
I feel my power is gone, yet I still retain my passions---
My misery is complete!

Mer. It is indeed! No power, no happiness were su-
perior to thine till you sunk them by your falsehood---you
now find, but too late, that there is no magic like Virtue.

[*Sound of warlike instruments.*]

Urg. What mean those sounds of joy?---my heart
forebodes, that they proclaim my fall and dishonour.

Mer. The Knights of the different Orders of Chivalry,
sent by *Cymon's* royal father in quest of his son, are drawn
hither, by my power, from their several stations to one
spot, and they now prepare to celebrate and protect the
marriage of *Cymon* with *Sylvia*.

Urg. Death to my hopes!--then I am lost indeed!

Mer. From the moment you wrong'd me and your-
self,

H

self,

self, I became their protector---I counteracted all your schemes, continued Cymon in his state of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I conveyed here for that purpose; that shepherdness is a Princess, equal to Cymon. They have obtained by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have lost by-----But I have done; I see your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

Urg. Pity me not---I am undeserving of it---I have been cruel and faithless, and ought to be wretched---

AIR.

*Forget my errors, and my name,
O'erpower'd with penitence and shame,
I, Merlin, Sylvia, Cymon, fly;
But fear my shame can never die.*

RECITATIVE.

*Thus I my sovereign pow'r destroy,
And Magic's baneful aid no more employ.*

Mer. Falsehood is punish'd, Virtue rewarded, and Arcadia made happy! Now Knights come forth, and with the manly Tournament record the cause of Valour and of Truth.

Warlike Instrumental Music.

[Enter the procession of Knights of the different orders of Chivalry, English, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Turkish, &c. with various Trophies of War, Pageantry, &c. Each Nation is preceded by a Banner, on which is inscribed its name. The Armour and Dresses of the Knights, &c. are characteristic of their respective nations. They appear in the following order:

Four Heralds, two by two
Trumpets Sounding

Or-

(31)

Orchestra Silent
Anglo-Saxon Banners
File of Soldiers
Anglo-Saxon Knights
March in Orchestra
Soldiers, two by two
Chain Mail and Battle-Axes
Two Knights
A Knight
Two Ancient British Knights
Standards, Wolves Heads on Spears
Two Caledonian Knights
Warlike Banner
Squire
Warlike Band
consisting of Eighteen Performers, richly dressed
Double Drum
Blacks and Symbols
Playing Grand Marches as they come down the Stage
Orchestra Silent
Six Knights, two by two
A Knight
Four Knights, with Squires
Banner Dane
Two Knights
Two Knights
Banner, Three Crowns
Three Knights, armed Cappees
Norman Knight
Soldiers---Compleat Armour
Indian Chief
Two Indians
Two Indians

Huntress, with Greyhounds

Attendants

Turkish Warriors

Soldiers

Banner

Four Soldiers drawing a Triumphal Car
laden with Trophies and Arms

Four Knights

A Syrian Warrior

Knights, armed Capaces

Squire

Standard Roman Eagle

Twelve Roman Knights

Knight in Black Armour Capaces

Virgins in White, veil'd

Page, half Black and White

Knights in White Armour, Capaces

Virgins in Black, veil'd

Grand March, by Band on Stage

Fairy, with Silver Wand

Troop of Furies

dragging a chained Magician

French Knights

Soldiers

Banner

Dwarf

Giant

Six Virgins, chained

Banner—Moore

Squire

Mexico Knight

Moors

Banner

Amazon

(18)

Attendants Attended

St. James

Squire

St. James

Soldiers, drawing a superb Image of St. George

Squire

Knights in Chain Mail

Soft Music in Orchestra

A Cupid leading a Knight, covered with a Silver Net

Hymen

Piping Fawns

Band of Cupids drawing an Altar, flame burning—Cupids
hovering over it, and others feeding Doves below

Troop of Arcadian Shepherds

Drawing the Car of Cynon and Sylvia

The Characters of the Drama, and Chorus.

The Characters, as fast as they enter, file off to the right and left, and arrange themselves between very splendid and beautifully ornamented Pillars, which form an Amphitheatre. The Lifts for the Tournament are then formed. It commences with a contest between two Moors; after which, the Giant of the Burning Mountain enters the Circle, and throws down his Glove as a Challenge, which for some time no one ventures to accept: at length a Dwarfish Knight summons resolution to engage him. The Giant, with contempt, snatches him up in his arms, to crush him to death. A Female Warrior next enters, challenges, fights, and vanquishes the Giant.

The Trumpets then sound a Charge, when an English and a Spanish Knight, on beautiful white horses, enter the

Lifts,

(52)

Huntress, with Greyhounds

Assendants

Turkish Warriors

Soldiers

Banner

Four Soldiers drawing a Triumphant Car
laden with Trophies and Arms

Four Knights

A Scythian Warrior

Knights, armed Caparoes

Squire

Standard Roman Eagle

Twelve Roman Knights

Knight in Black Armour Caparoes

Virgins in White, veil'd

Page, half Black and White

Knights in White Armour, Caparoes

Virgins in Black, veil'd

Grand March, by Band on Stage

Fairy, with Silver Wand

Troop of Furies

dragging a chained Magician

French Knights

Soldiers

Banner

Dwarf

Giant

Six Virgins, chained

Banner—Moore

Squire

Mexico Knight

Moors

Banner

Amazon

(55)

Attendants, Attendants

St. James

Squire

St. James

Soldiers, drawing a large Image of St. George

Squire

Knights in Chain Mail

Soft Music in Orchestra

A Cupid leading a Knight, covered with a Silver Net

Hymns

Piping Fawns

Band of Cupids drawing an Altar, flame burning—Cupids hovering over it, and others feeding Doves below

Troop of Arcadian Shepherds

Drawing the Car of Cymon and Sylvia

The Characters of the Drama, and Chorus

The Characters, as fast as they enter, file off to the right and left, and arrange themselves between very splendid and beautifully ornamented Pillars, which form an Amphitheatre. The Lifts for the Tournament are then formed. It commences with a contest between two Moors; after which, the Giant of the Burning Mountain enters the Circle, and throws down his Glove as a Challenge, which for some time no one ventures to accept: at length a Dwarfish Knight summons resolution to engage him. The Giant, with contempt, snatches him up in his arms, to crush him to death. A Female Warrior next enters, challenges, fights, and vanquishes the Giant.

The Trumpets then sound a Charge, when an English and a Spanish Knight, on beautiful white horses, enter the Lifts,

Life, accompanied by a third Knight, on a black horse, as Umpire between them. They engage with spears, on horseback, till one of them is dismounted. Their horses are then led away, and, being armed afresh, they renew the combat on foot, with great ardour. The English Knight is, in the end, victorious. During the combat, various pieces of Battle Music are played both by the Orchestra and the Martial Band introduced in the Procession.

This combat being decided, *Cymon* and *Sylvia* enter in a Triumphal Car, from which they descend, and are addressed by *Merlin*, in the following words——]

Mer. Now join your hands, whose hearts were join'd before,

This union shall *Arcadia's* peace restore:
When Virtues such as these adorn a throne,
The People make their Sovereign's bliss their own:
Their joys, their virtues, shall each subject share:
And all the land reflect the Royal Pair.

FINALE.

Give the Laurel, give the Bays,
Beauty joins in Valour's praise:
'Tis a debt from Beauty due,
Damsels fair, they fought for you.
Another meed alone we claim,
'Tis your applause, and that is fame.

FINIS.

The Trumpets then sound a Charge, when an English and a Spanish Knight, on beautiful white horses, enter the

